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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO —

BY M. SUTTER.

At last 'tis done—I'm glad 'tis done,
And we are parted,
Before that fate had made us one,
Both broken-hearted—
For love's first bliss once fully fled
Hath left thee even to friendship dead.
Go—it is past—thy faithless heart
From me I sever,
Yet can thy living image part
From memory never,
For round our life one tie is wove,
And that is one bright dream of love.
Thou didst say once that thou wast mine,
And I believed thee;
It was not I—the heart was thine
That has deceived thee,
And though thou art so wholly changed,
I cannot feel one thought estranged.
Oft in the dreams of manhood's fire,
Prophetic vision
Shall many a radiant hope inspire
Of days Elysian,
And I shall deem thee by my side,
My promised and my wedded bride.
For though 'tis past, as joys all fly
To fade in sorrow,
Still, still the hope can never die
Of bliss to-morrow.
Oh I never yet while years shall roll
Can that bright beacon quit the soul.
That thou'lt return I oft believe
In hours of sadness;
Thou'lt said I must forget to grieve—
The thought is madness!
Away—away—thou canst not be
What thou hast once been unto me.
For now 'tis done—I'm glad 'tis done,
And we are parted,
Before that fate had made us one,
Both broken-hearted.
For then thou hadst been most forlorn,
A thing to loathe, detest and scorn.

ORIGINAL TALES.

The Sacrifice.

It was a proud day for Caroline Dean on which she stood at the altar with Henry Seaton. The gay throng around, clad in the rich drapery of a bridal feast—the voices of the loving and the loved, joining in high hopes and wishes—the merry peals of the gladsome bells going upon the joyous air—and the consciousness of the deep, all-absorbing love of a proudly gifted man—all these united to urge her heart to a fullness of bliss. And at night, when the crowd left them alone with each other, she took her lute and leaning against the casement

of an open window, sung again a magic lay she had often sung for him. He stood beside her, and as she ceased she laid her hand upon his arm, and gazed long and earnestly upon his face. His gaze was out upon the wide sky, as if he were reading in its studded banner the destiny of his future life. A cloud, too dark for a bridegroom's face, had gathered over his brow, which he strove in vain to banish with a smile, when she called him back from his reverie.

"What, my own proud Henry," said she, "again at your old pursuits, and so soon! Methinks I might claim the first thoughts of our first solitude."

"It was of thee I thought, my beautiful," he replied, "for I was gazing upon yonder star, and thou knowest it is dear to me as a beacon of by-gone days. It was thy chosen one when I was away on the sea. It told me then of hours like this. I would look upon it now, because its prophecy was true, and thou art mine. But behold—a cloud, dark and ominous, is over it, and its blackness becomes darker and darker. Must I read this also as a prophecy?" As he ended he pressed her with a convulsive fondness to his heart, and she answered—

"Oh no, my proud husband. It was thy beacon upon the dark sea, and should it not go out when the haven is won? It will burn again, thy beacon still and mine."

"God grant it, though the haven is not yet won," he said abstractedly.

Caroline Dean had grown up in a continued round of fashion and folly, and had a thousand times fancied herself in love with some one of the gay gallants that thronged her father's house. So often, indeed, had this occurred, that the passion had grown old, and a gentle girl of eighteen, she had almost forgotten that she could love. But at this time Henry Seaton returned, and once more she dreamed of it. To him she had been an object of fond thoughts from his boyhood. But he loved books and the knowledge of the deep things of the world, and she turned away in scorn from his love, and worshipped Fashion.—She often laughed at the idea of one day wedding herself to a "musty library," and he, repulsed, but still in hope, became a traveler. He wandered among the scenes of the visionary East, and mused in the groves of the old philosophers. The reality and the romance of old times became familiar to him, and as he filled his soul with them his capacities increased, and his

thirst increased. But in all his wanderings, still the starlight of his boyhood often came back to him, and brought with it the image of one most dear, and when he returned with the world and its free as well as hidden knowledge in his heart, she became his bride. And he was a man for a woman to love, and especially one who had tired of the heartless world. To Caroline his conversation was something new.—There was something so different from those with whom she was accustomed to mingle, in the deep feelings which he exhibited, that when she heard him tell his love her heart thrilled with joy to call such a man her own.

But the possession of Caroline was not the sole object of Henry. It is true she was a beautiful woman, and possessed in a high degree those qualities which constitute so often the charm of her sex. But with the common blindness of love, he had fancied in her the qualities she did not own. A mind she had, but so pampered with the trifles of fashion—so light and objectless—ready to lay hold of the worthless vanities of the world, yet tied back as if by an unconquerable fatality from the higher objects of life, that though she strove to make herself worthy of the man she loved, after the first few months of married life, he was again lost in his studies, and his wife was almost forgotten. A year had gone by, and the birth of a son recalled him again to his love. He folded the infant to his heart, and as he again laid him in his mother's arms he pressed a passionate kiss upon her cheek, and a tear stole silently out from his eye, which she hailed as the promise of future reconciliation. He doated on the child with a passion that he only can know who has looked upon his own child—his first born. There is a feeling in it which the world knows not—a concentration of spirit upon a new made idol—yet an idolatry so holy, so pervading that we feel the affections all bound up in the one feeling, and immovably fixed there.

But this, too, lost its charm. The babe grew, and its tongue began to lisp a child's unmeaning sounds, but its father heeded it not. He was lost in his dreams of the hidden world. And could a woman's love attach itself to such a man? Could she whose youth had been pampered with all she desired, turn away from all she had loved to such an one? Oh yes. Her heart may be tried with all wrongs—the mildew of slighted and undeserved fondness may

gather over her heart, and the hopes of her youth be blighted as they seem bursting into bloom, and yet she will love on if she love once. She forgets with an undeserved pardon, the coldness and neglect which would turn a proud man's affection into hate, and

"Loves on through all ill."

It was deep night, and he sat at his open casement, looking out upon the heavens. Silence was around him like a cloud, and he mused aloud:

"Ye are rolling on, proud, trackless and unquenchable, in your boundless sphere.—Far above the changing things of this world, ye hold communion with bright ones in heaven. Ye cannot know change or diminution of power. The deep things of pride and glory, the sympathies of ambition, are all unknown to you. Yet here we pine for these, and waste the purest days of our life in a vain strife for what we cannot obtain. We love, and forget the object for a new fancy. We hate, and soon love what we hated. We sigh for a higher existence—a freedom like a wild bird—above—beyond the cold calculations of self. The eagle soars not from earth into the sunbeams more free than our spirits from their earthly ties; and, wounded, falls not more powerless than we. He is borne upward and onward, and still onward, and his wing tires and droops not, but he reaches not his high aim, and comes back to earth, vain in his flight, but his object unattained. And are we thus? Oh no. This vanity of power might sustain us—this conscious pride might bear us up, but the higher we soar, the more we feel the truth that the heavens and the stars and all their wealth of knowledge, are beyond—still beyond, and we sink back under the curse of unsatisfied, frustrated ambition."

He felt a light touch upon his arm, and turning, met the gentle look of his still loving wife.

"Henry—my own Henry," she said, "oh forget these dreams, and in the love of your wife be happy. Do you recollect the first time I called you husband? The same star burns yonder in the still quiet heavens, looking down upon us as it looked then. It promises now a brighter day to thee."

"How, woman, how? Are my longings satisfied? Are the deep things of the world mine? Are the wide heavens with their illimitable wisdom garnered in my heart? Oh no. I have sacrificed all to obtain them—love and pride and the world's fame and honor, but a greater sacrifice must be made."

"And *shall* be made," she answered with a sternness of tone that startled him. He turned again to her, and saw her eye lit up with a wild enthusiasm—and she continued:

"Yes, *shall* be made. Was there not a time when the pure spirits left their homes above and came down, and to mortal ears

told the high mysteries of heaven? And may it not now be possible for one unfettered by clay to pry into infinite knowledge and teach it to man? Yes, my dear husband—such shall be your communion—such your teaching. But it must be at a great price—a countless cost. Love—idolatry must be bartered away."

"Willingly—joyfully—all—all shall be thrown away, if those spirits but bend in their power and beauty and touch the heart that longs for satiety. And when that is gained—Oh Caroline, how boundless shall be the love I shall bestow on thee—and how worthy I shall be of thy generous affection! And when all is gained—"

At this instant a starlike meteor shot forth into the clear blue sky, and coursed its way far through the heavens, burning and glowing, with inconceivable rapidity, till, consumed, it suddenly disappeared.—Their eyes met, and they read each other's thoughts, and they were the same. They knew that like that meteor the gifted ones of earth, who for a time shine pre-eminent above the rest, and before whom the great grow dim, must soon depart and leave those whom they obscured to flourish in their forgetfulness. For a moment they gazed on each other in silence, which she broke by saying—

"And our boy?"

"It shall be to him a priceless heir-loom."

There is no heart so poor as that which gathers knowledge and hoards it up only for itself. It is the consciousness of power it gives us, the grasp we gain upon human mind to govern its passions and will, that makes the wise man truly rich. To see its exercise upon the world, moulding it to its own form—giving it its own hues—feeling that it is ours, not for the present alone, but that when we are gone from it, our impress shall be left upon it, permanent and unfading, this is the power of knowledge. The dream is a vain one that the cloistered student cherishes—a dream of knowledge to be buried in the grave that covers him. And this was the ambition of Henry Seaton. No sacrifice would be too great, no denial of affection too severe. And from the time of the conversation we have just described, his wife became the partner of his toil. Day and night she strove up the arduous path, by his side. By degrees his affection revived. The sameness of pursuit brought her nearer to him, and thus she became once more dear to him. Yet not as she desired. His was the same love he would have bestowed upon one of his own sex. But she heeded not the difference so she made him happy. She wasted the bright spring-time of a life that was made for social bliss, in the toil for the pleasure of one who deserved it not, and, while she felt her life waning in her first years, ceased not from the sacrifice.

And such is woman's love—such the deep idolatry she pours out at a holy altar. The value is not to her. She is selfless in

her affection. She counts upon one whose bliss is more to her than life, and makes his happiness her own.

Years passed on, and their son had grown up almost to manhood. In the same pursuits as his parents he spent his life, and his mind was stored in youth with the knowledge of maturer years. He grasped with the vigor of a strong mind the deep mysteries of science, and, like his father, loved nothing else. He had not known passion, nor pride, nor love. They lay dormant beneath the stores of philosophy in his heart—pent up—smouldered—lifeless. The great springs of action that make life what it is to us, were parched and dry—for in drinking at the fountains of knowledge, he had left unquenchable the pure streams of pleasure and life.

It was evening, and beneath the open heavens stood the husband and wife. She leaned upon his arm as she had years before, on the anniversary of this very night. It was that of their bridal. Yet with what different feelings. They looked above at the stars and she seemed to look with awe. He took her hand and said—

"Caroline—my wife—it is years that we have toiled together, and yet where a the meed? I have not won the price of all my strife. The proud aspirations of my life—the high hopes of my ambition are unwon. Yonder in their majesty and power those countless orbs press on—unfettered and trackless. What to me are the sympathies of the common world, or the pomp of pride? Have I not denied them all? bent my godlike spirit down to the grovings of clay? And where is the reward? Where is the communion you promised me with high ones in heaven? Where the teaching of disembodied clay? What am I more than I have been for years? Why am I not happy? And our boy—our boy—what shall he be who inherits only his father's knowledge?"

Proudly rose up that woman's spirit as she answered—

"This night shall it be thine! I feel it in my very heart, and this night must a sacrifice be made that shall render thee happy. And our boy shall live among men pre-eminent above all others. Not as his parents have lived—separate, unconnected with their fellows. Loving and loved, he shall be blest. Oh my proud husband, since the first vows we pronounced have I loved you—loved to idolatry. Now in my heart's sanctuary I feel a fire consuming me, that the floods of science and human wisdom cannot quench. It is my love for thee, and though it has been slighted, still has it not died."

For an hour they stood beneath the pure heavens in converse of past days. Slowly and cautiously she led him from scene to scene, back to the days of his youth. Their conversation—the associations of the day with one long gone, revived feelings some-

what similar to those he had at that time. A strange melancholy wove itself around her heart—a presentiment of change, that was half a fear. It seemed as if an unseen messenger whispered to him a coming fatality with a terror and a dread. Before this, for years he had shunned the thoughts of by-gone days, but now he talked recklessly of them and seemed to love their memory. And as the recollection grew more vivid, he pressed his wife to his breast and said:

"Do our years thus renew and bring back our boyhood? Can we amidst the darkness of forgotten pleasures call up past times with joy? Oh is this ray a presage of future gloom? It is said that to some in the dark hour of death there rises a review of the past, clear and distinct, that wakens hope and promises life, yet cheats the sufferer into a sudden grave. It may be thus with me. But life and love and boyhood's dreams seem mine now as they once were, and thou art to me as a revival of forgotten beauty. I look upon thee, and love thee as I did in youth," and he pressed her closer to his heart. She might have trusted this as a promise of future love, did she not know that there was a stronger love that only slept a moment, to wake in power. Her son approached and stood beside her.

"Mother," he said, "look yonder. That star, how it glows and burns as it approaches the horizon. Why is it, mother?"

She started, as he addressed her thus, and replied:

"Thou shalt know, my son. Wait but a moment."

She turned to her husband, and pointed the star out to him. It hung upon the horizon's verge a moment while they gazed upon it, earnestly, intently—and she spoke as it disappeared:

"It has set—the star that has ever shone upon our fortunes, and it has set in glory. You have sighed to be like it—above the world's pomp. And you shall be. Listen to me"—and she spoke low and solemnly,—"there is a fountain of pure knowledge in the heart, boundless and eternal. You know it not, but you shall know it. That star whose last beam has just gone from us, held a strange connection with our destiny, though you did not believe it. Henceforth you shall be free and your communion with a higher nature commence. Now must the sacrifice be made!" and as she concluded, she drew a concealed dagger, and before her arm could be arrested, it had sunk to her heart. In what agony did that husband and son bend over the dying form of the beautiful victim! All his first love came back to the former, as he caught her in his arms, and long after the cold dews had gathered on her brow, did he bend over her in anguish. Upon his table a letter was found, of which this is a part:

"How have I striven through uncourted

toil and pain to redeem the love I had lost! But it could not be. Your heart cannot be called back from its deep idolatry, without an offering of immense magnitude. I know that you are lost to the world and to yourself. Oh may the offering I now make recall you to earth and its realities, and if it do, it were a cheerful sacrifice were it a thousand lives."

* * * *

There came to a village in the far west, as the day was closing, two persons, one of whom was marked with years, and the other still in his early manhood. Days passed by, and they still remained. At length they became permanent inhabitants of the place. Their lives of strict virtue gained for them the reverence and esteem of all. They were possessed of wealth, and with it they erected schools and themselves taught in them. Untiring in their efforts to teach virtue and religion—ascetic in their abstinence from the gratification of their passions, men looked upon them with a distant veneration. Yet they mingled with them with a freedom that won their love, and made their influence felt. But age and a half buried care seemed to wear away the old man towards his grave. None knew his history nor the cause of his grief, and he died at length, and his resting place is marked by a stone upon which is rudely carved:

HENRY SEATON.

And the young man—but we reserve his history to a future time. O.
Schenectady, April 3, 1835.

The Rose of Tenuchtitlan.*

A FRAGMENT OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

"CORTEZ!" said one of those beautiful beings who once inhabited the delightful regions of Mexico, but nearly all of whom have now passed away like the bright visions of a morning dream. Cortez turned suddenly at the mention of his name, and beheld before him the daughter of the Emperor Montezuma.

"What brings the lovely daughter of Montezuma to the tent of Cortez," said he, "when the birds have sought their nest and the whippoorwill has hushed its notes?"

"Cortez!" said she again, in a tone at once so sweet and plaintive, that it touched the heart of the bold warrior; and as she spoke she partly turned herself, so that the bright rays of the midnight moon fell full upon her face and showed to Cortez that it was wet with tears.

"Is the captive monarch of an unfortunate people well?" continued she, after a moment's silence.

"Beautiful Guatama, thy noble father is well," replied the adventurer, "and while he remains in the tent of Cortez, he shall receive the treatment due to so great a king."

*The ancient name of Mexico.

"Can you assure an unhappy woman that a most fearful dream will not prove true?" said Guatama; "for oh, this night I thought I beheld my father fall, pierced with wounds and writhing in the agonies of death! I awoke, and hardly knowing what I did, flew hither to inquire of his welfare."

"Rose of Tenuchtitlan!" replied Cortez, "if but for thy sake Montezuma's person shall be safe, at least as far as my power can effect that safety."

"But why must you detain him a captive from his home? By these tears, I beseech you to restore him to us again. Take me—torture me—sacrifice me to propitiate your gods—but let Montezuma return to his people free."

"You ask," said Cortez, "what I can not perform. But will you trust me when I again assure you that Montezuma shall be safe?"

"I must," said she, as she glided away, sorrowfully, yet gracefully as a being of air, leaving Cortez alone and musing amid the silence of night.

History seldom furnishes us with the record of more illustrious deeds than those presented in the life of Cortez. Under innumerable discouragements and with but a handful of men, he had made his way through the powerful empire of Mexico, and placed himself in the very heart of its capital. He had, with a boldness unparalleled possessed himself of the person of Montezuma, their king, who was held in such veneration by his subjects that for a long time they refrained from hostilities, for fear that their attack would be revenged on the person of the royal captive. But at length, some atrocities committed by the Spanish officers, aroused a spirit of revenge which nothing could quell. Assembling in myriads, they rushed upon the little band of Spaniards with savage impetuosity. Although they were repulsed by Cortez with little loss on his part, while the blood of thousands of their own warriors flowed in the streets, yet the frequent attacks of their seemingly inexhaustible numbers at length so wearied the followers of Cortez, that he saw plainly, unless something should immediately be done to prevent their repeated assaults, his little band would be totally destroyed. After long and anxiously revolving in his mind as to what were the best means of accomplishing this object, he resolved to make Montezuma the instrument of effecting a reconciliation between him and the Mexicans, until he could withdraw his men from the city, or until something should happen that would render his stay less hazardous. He had just formed this determination when he was found by Guatama, on the night we have mentioned.

"There is a charm about the person of Guatama," said Cortez to himself, after she had gone, "an irresistible charm. I could almost, for her sake, relinquish the fond idea of conquering the finest city of the

western world. There is a nobleness, a native refinement, in her manners—an expression of intelligence in her countenance, and a beautiful symmetry in her form that would command the admiration of a king. I have seen princesses, who in the gay courts of the east were called beautiful, but never have I seen one who deserved the name like the Rose of Tenuchtitlan."

With his mind filled with anxieties, he threw himself upon the ground to seek in a short repose a respite from the cares that pressed so heavily upon him. As soon as the first rays of the morning sun were visible, accompanied by his favorite officer, Velasquez de Leon, he ascended the battlement to observe the movements of the enemy. Already they could see them collecting from various parts of the town, preparing to renew the contest.

"Their number seems to have increased," said Velasquez, "and their preparations are made with greater care. I fear that our men, so wearied with the slaughter of yesterday, will hardly be able to oppose themselves with success to such fearful numbers."

"I fear it so much myself," answered Cortez, "that I have resolved not to hazard another engagement at present if I can prevent it; and for that purpose I am about to try what influence their sovereign, Montezuma, may have in abating their fury."

"Will he advise them to peace?" inquired Velasquez.

"He will," answered Cortez, "if we will consent to leave the kingdom. Thinking it best to free ourselves from our present danger on almost any conditions, I promised him we would do so. But you know, Velasquez, after we are out of danger, we can fulfil it or not, as we think most fit. Velasquez," added he, after a pause, in which both had been anxiously viewing various parts of the city, that rose, in wild, irregular grandeur before them, "do you see that temple whose gilded sides are gleaming with the first rays of that bright orb to which it is dedicated? Perhaps before to-morrow's sun shall light its blood-stained walls, we may be sacrificed with savage cruelty upon its altars. You know their custom?"

"I have heard," replied Velasquez, "that they sacrifice their prisoners to the sun, and that their ceremonial rites are such as would fill the christian mind with horror.—Let us perish on the field, and sell our lives as dearly as we may, sooner than fall into such bloody hands."

"Perhaps both may be avoided," said Cortez. "But let me hasten to lead up Montezuma."

Thus saying, he descended to the apartment of the king. He had need of haste—for hardly was he gone before the Mexican warriors were pouring like torrents from every direction towards the fortifications of the Spaniards. Vast multitudes had now arrived and were just springing forward,

with frenzied zeal to the attack, amid the shouts of thousands and the dismal sound of the great drum which hung in the temple consecrated to the god of war, when Montezuma appeared on the battlements, dressed in all the magnificent splendor with which he was formerly accustomed to appear among them. No sooner did they observe him than their weapons dropped from their hands, while some prostrated themselves on the ground, and, "Montezuma!" in wild shouts burst from the lips of all.—Approaching, he addressed them with that thrilling and enchanting eloquence for which he was so justly celebrated. At first, the most profound silence reigned throughout the vast host, but as he proceeded to dissuade them from hostilities, a low murmur arose which was followed by reproaches and menaces, until their rage became too great for words. On a sudden the air was filled with missiles levelled at the monarch's head. Before the guards who had been ordered to protect him, could raise their shields, he fell, covered with wounds. On seeing him fall whom they had revered almost as a deity, their minds were filled with consternation no less than they had formerly been with fury. They fled in every direction, as though they feared that vengeance was about to fall upon them for their crime. The Spanish officers immediately carried Montezuma to his apartment where they had hardly entered, when Guatama, followed by her attendants, rushed in, and beholding him bleeding and motionless in their arms, shrieked, "My Father!" and fell lifeless upon the ground. She was taken up by her attendants, and notwithstanding they exerted their utmost skill to restore her, it was long before she again became conscious, and when she did so, the last struggle had been felt by the unfortunate Montezuma.

The night succeeding these events, Cortez had sent one of his officers to keep watch along the causeway that had been built over a small and beautiful lake that lay on one side of the city, intending to retreat across it during the night and direct his march to Vera Cruz. The moon shone beautifully bright, and the officer had just taken his station in a light canoe and was proceeding silently along in the shade of the causeway to avoid being discovered, when he saw two females approach the water and enter a canoe, which glided silently out into the lake. Wholly concealed by a projection in the causeway, he watched the boat until it came near, when one of them arose and discovered to him the person of Guatama, so richly ornamented that it seemed to vie with the brilliancy of the water that was gleaming so brightly in the rays of the moon. Springing over the side of the boat, she exclaimed, "My Father, I come!" and in a moment the bright wave closed calmly over her head, and all was still. Her spirit had gone to

meet that of her father in the land of shadows.

That night, in the attempt of Cortez to retreat, he was observed by the vigilant Mexicans, who attacked him, both from their boats and by land, with such impetuosity, that before he succeeded in crossing the causeway, nearly half of his men had fallen, among whom was the noble Velasquez de Leon.

Some months passed away, and Mexico was in the possession of Cortez,—but the flower that was once its brightest ornament was withered and its stalk destroyed.

J. T. C.

Union College, April, 1835.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

Female Literature and Education.

It has been asserted by some that the minds of females partake of a constitutional effeminacy—that their knowledge extends to that only which is light and trivial, and that they have not a capacity for comprehending the deep researches of science. However plausible these assertions may appear, knowing that they seldom have become highly distinguished in abstract sciences, yet this we know, that in writings of a literary character they have maintained a high standing. There have been many bright luminaries of female genius. In our day, Hannah More, Mrs. Hemans and Sigourney have received the public approbation, both at home and abroad, as authors of fine taste and distinguished worth. Their writings have added a rich contribution to the previous acquisitions of female genius. Among works of fiction which have assumed such an important place in the literature of the present day, the female pen has produced many of superior excellence. "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "The Scottish Chiefs," and "Hope Leslie," and many others of like merit, claim a high distinction for female talent.

With what reason can it be said that ladies have not the capacity for comprehending the deep sciences? It may be true that they have rarely been distinguished for productions of this character; but to consider this a reason is unjust—it is expecting an effect without a cause. Habits such studies have been thought useless for a lady and unworthy her attention, and have therefore been placed beyond the sphere of her knowledge. Polite Literature has been considered her proper field of study, and in this she has certainly taken an elevated stand. The subjects of her pen portray the feelings of her mind—simplicity and grace pervade every thought. She does not aspire to the boldness of the epic muse; but with a modest diffidence keeps within the limits of the social virtues—these it is her duty to practice and in these she displays her superior gentleness and affability. As it is not her part to engage in the active duties of wars and pub-

lic assemblies, in which the severer virtues are called into exercise, so she finds no congeniality in describing the high exploits of the battle-field. This belongs to the bold genius of those who perform them—to those whose minds can enjoy a fellow-feeling and bear a part in the hero's praise. But there has been female talent that has fathomed the depths of profound philosophy. In France we find a Madame de Stael, whose writings upon political economy have claimed the admiration of Europe and America, as being a correct exposition of a science which had long been encumbered with errors and false theories. In former times, the university of Bologna possessed Bassi Laura, a doctor of philosophy, and Agnesi, a professor in the university, who produced, the one a treatise on mental philosophy, and the other a profound essay on mathematical analysis. In later times, when Sir William Herschel astonished the world with his grand discoveries in the science of astronomy, his sister, Miss Caroline Herschel, pursued the same track of genius—she even carried forward and completed some of his most important observations and discoveries. Thus is her fame united with that of her illustrious brother, whose name will shine in the firmament of genius while the Georgium Sidus continues his vast circuit in the heavens.

And now we have before us the name of Mrs Mary Summerville. The works of this lady are of the highest scientific order. They show that she possessed a clear view of the most intricate principles in astronomy. Her course is marked with a noble freedom and independence—fearlessly she pursues her way, and from established principles produces grand results, much simplified and often original. "The mechanism of the Heavens" has obtained the highest praise from the best judges—it has passed the ordeal of criticism without receiving aught but commendation. Her second work, "On the connection of the Physical Sciences," proceeds with the same freedom and ability, and has met with a reception equally favorable. The reviewers are loud in their praise of her unaffected merit; she never appears conscious of her own greatness, nor does she claim the public favor to her works because of the respect due her sex.

The names to which we have already adverted have established their fame on the firm and enduring basis of personal merit. The learned world has already awarded them a high place in the galaxy of genius. They constitute a peculiar train of luminaries, whose light, though bright, is rather of that soft and genial kind which serves to light the path of virtue and direct the way of truth, than of that dazzling splendor which blinds the eye and bewilders the brain.

The names of many others might be added who have distinguished themselves in scientific knowledge, but those already ad-

duced are sufficient to show that the female mind, at least when fitly tutored, possesses the powers of deep penetration and acute reasoning—it has measured the profoundest depths of philosophy and cleared its way through the most intricate mazes of science. But many yet persist in questioning the propriety of employing woman with studies of this order which appear so entirely foreign to the duties of her station. To them we must say, that we have no place for that narrow minded utility which would prescribe the course of female education to the narrow limits of a few fashionable accomplishments—which would clothe her with the external embellishments of gentility, and leave the mind a sterile waste. It is this course of education that has often brought reproach upon the intellectual powers of females. Often has the gay and idle frivolity of fashionable life, when brought into connection with the stolid severity of the male sex, induced the man of learning and of mind entirely to abandon the circle of female intercourse.—Nor is this its worst effect. Deprived of the softening and refining influence of woman's society, he acquires a peevishness of temper and a moroseness of disposition that entirely unfits him for the enjoyment of himself and makes him a source of uneasiness to others. But still more important considerations urge the adoption of a higher standard of female education. Woman holds a rank in society that gives her the power of exerting a vast influence; the respect which is attached to the female character gives an importance in the eyes of others to whatever she says or does. Independent of this, there is one broad principle which is every where felt; mind naturally assimilates itself to its associate mind—that of superior abilities is brought down by endeavoring to adapt itself to the capacity of its inferior associate—the inferior may rise to meet it, but it gains little while the other loses much. How much good may we not expect from the high cultivation of the female mind and the superior elevation of her character! If woman be learned, wise and virtuous, her influence exerts a double power to elevate the condition of mankind; but if she be debased and ignorant, the action is reversed, and what before tended to improve, now serves to debase. Nothing can be better adapted to promote the happiness and prosperity of mankind, than a high order of female intellectual talent, and this can never be obtained except by a proper education.

This is a subject that increases in interest the more we look upon the bright picture it presents. In every country where woman has held her proper sphere, she has shown the noblest characteristics of virtue and refinement. And now, to fit her for the full influence of her station, she only needs the cultivation of those high intellectual powers with which she is endowed.—What other advantages can a female pos-

sess that will compare with a well cultivated mind? Wealth may for awhile procure that respect which is properly her due, but wealth is often precarious, and with it vanishes the influence and the power which it gave. Allow it, however, to be permanent, and how does it then secure the desired end? That affection which was drawn forth by a woman's fortune will survive only while that fortune remains.—The charms of her person can excite only a temporary respect. The rose may be admired and cherished in its full bloom and beauty, but when its soft tints fade and its leaves wither, our admiration also ceases. But if to woman's personal beauty there be added those intellectual endowments which she is so fully able to receive, she then at once secures a respect that will not fail with the fading tinge of the ruby cheek—she has something that will always elevate her in the estimation of him whose duty it is to administer to her comfort and happiness. What can we look for that is more truly valuable to woman than intellectual worth? The diamond is dimmed by its lustre, wealth is degraded by its richness, and beauty without it sinks into insignificance. This, then, should be considered the standard of female excellence, and in this should be placed the *beau idéal* of perfection.

The fate of woman in many countries at this day, gives us an instructive lesson on this subject. It is a marked feature of barbarous and pagan nations to keep woman in ignorance—to degrade her below the companionship of her husband, and to place upon her all the menial drudgery of life.—But Christianity is not shackled by superstitious rites or distinctions that shut out woman from social intercourse, or that makes her rank inferior—its religion points to more exalted ends, and the hopes of immortality it cherishes inspire man with a higher esteem for female virtues. Seeing, then, it is education only that marks the difference between the female slave and the virtuous and polished lady of enlightened, Christian countries, we would say with a voice that should reach every corner of our land, Let knowledge be disseminated and let females enjoy its salutary influence, that they may, in turn, cast its radiance upon the whole face of society.

V. B.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

Passages from a Student's Diary.

Solitude—Luther and Rousseau—the sympathies of life—confessions—a spring day, its effects—the black dwarf.

HE was no unskilful reader of the human heart who said, that when we would gain a man to our friendship we must come upon him in solitude—when he has been alone for hours—when the mind has become weary in communings with itself, and it feels the want of that sympathy and interchange of feeling, rendered necessary to it

by the very constitution of our nature.—Solitude, as it is the nurse of thought, is also the nurse of sensitiveness. If our feelings do not lose their tone and strength by indulgence in it, they are called out, as it were, from their secret altars in the soul, and readily cling to the first interesting object which is presented. Luther in the lonely castle of the Wartburg, great and sustaining as were the supports which his own mind furnished him, and on which he seemed so confidently to rely, gave then to the few friends that visited him, the brightest proofs of the warmth of his gratitude and affection, in returning their kind attentions. And Rousseau, wrapt as he was in the impious pride and vanity of his heart, gave proofs, even in the solitude to which his strange disgust of ordinary life had led him, that he had still the common feelings of friendship and human sympathy. Ingrate and wretch as he was, there were times when the voice of friendship fell upon his ear, in its controlling power—melting the steely and rebellious heart within him.

Entire separation from the sympathies and offices of ordinary life, is a state in which we were never intended to exist.—and we may pronounce it to be, in a degree destructive of the best and most vigorous powers of the mind. The harmony of the intellect and the feelings, so beautifully arranged within our bosoms, can only be preserved by giving each its due share of exercise. Doubtless to an original and rich mind, there is beauty and power and eloquence enough in its own vivid conceptions, to exercise all its faculties, and to yield at once the purest and the most perfect satisfaction which we can know in our present imperfect state. But inasmuch as this exercise only respects objects withdrawn from actual existence, and from that reason cannot enlist our feelings in all their depth and strength, the worst kind of mental exhaustion must follow—that of which the subject himself is almost unconscious.

Let not the reader think this is intended to be a prosing chapter of mental philosophy—or a muddy attempt at metaphysics. Like honest James in the good old comedy of "The three Physicians," we conceive "we have a natural right to talk about such things, for we know." He may then take them as the veritable confessions of a solitaire, who, perhaps, is like all others of his tribe, willing enough and abundantly able to see the errors in his conduct, and to confess them—but very unwilling to give up a single one of them.

Now this is a most lovely day. All the beauty and sunshine of spring are around me. The waters of your river have assumed a deeper, bluer, softer tint—and the sunlight revels upon the delicate wavelets like a fairy, whose presence is only known by the light it gives. Even the grass beneath my window has put on something of the greenness of the later months of spring, and the old elm looks moist and fresh again,

as if his gnarled and rough branches were about to exhibit all the thick verdure of his earlier years. The merry sound of children's voices is on the air, and their silver tones break upon the ear like the tones of a sweet instrument, with a clear, joyous, ringing sound, as if the soul of the performer was in every chord he strikes. Now why is it, that while on the most dismal and uncomfortable days we can pursue our customary routine of duties in peace and with efficiency; on such a day as this, when all nature seems decked and beautified for our enjoyment, we feel impatient, discontented, and even melancholy? Why, the reaction has come—we have repressed and crowded down our feelings too much, and endeavored, as it were, to bury them, in the intensity of our pursuits. But they must and will have their due exercise—if not naturally and in a way conducive to mental health in others—yet in unnatural way upon ourselves, and which most certainly tends to mental disarrangement and consequent unhappiness. They burst out from their confinement, and sometimes with such violence as to leave the heart blighted and desolate behind them.

When Walter Scott described the black dwarf, he showed his knowledge of human nature. And not the least so, in that aspect of the heart we are now considering. Torn as that miserable being was from all the pleasures of the social state, driven from the society of his fellow creatures, cast out and banished from among men, yet we find that even he could not exist without having some object for his feelings to exercise themselves upon. Dark and deep as was the misanthropy which the cruelty and unkindness of others had awoke in his bosom—stung almost to madness as he was by ingratitude—and possessed only with the mad wish of shutting himself up for ever from the sight of his fellow creatures—even he found it impossible to live without loving something. And what did he love? The faithful and unconscious goat that came and fed by his side at sunset, and seemed to look up to him with that confidence, which he would have wrung from men. Nor was this all. Witness what strong and self-sacrificing attachment he could feel towards persons, who came and ministered to his wants. What was there that he dared not attempt on their account?

REGNER.

SELECTED.

DUELLO BY THE BAG.—Two gentlemen, one a Spaniard and the other a German, who were recommended by their birth and services to the Emperor Maximilian II., both courted his daughter, the fair Helene Scharfequin, in marriage. This prince, after a long delay, one day informed them, that esteeming them equally and not being able to bestow a preference, he should leave it to the force and address of the claimants

to decide the question. He did not mean, however, to risk the loss of one or the other, or perhaps of both. He could not therefore permit them to encounter with offensive weapons, but had ordered a large bag to be produced. It was his decree, that whichever succeeded in putting his rival into this bag should obtain the hand of his daughter. This singular encounter between the two gentlemen took place in the face of the whole Court. The contest lasted for more than an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded, and the German, Eberhard, Baron de Talbert, having planted his rival in the bag, took it upon his back, and very gallantly laid it at the feet of his mistress, whom he espoused the next day. Such is the story as gravely told by M. de St. Foix. It is impossible to say what the feelings of a successful combatant in a duel may be on his having passed a small sword through the body, or a bullet through the thorax, of his antagonist; but might he not feel quite as much elated, and more consoled, on having put his adversary "into a bag?" We wish our modern duellists could be made to fight after this fashion. We have no doubt after a time it would become popular—as two-thirds of our modern heroes would much rather be put into a bag than a coffin.

THE WIFE.—It is not unfrequent that a wife mourns over the alienated affections of her husband, when she has made no effort herself to strengthen and increase his attachment. She thinks because he once loved her, he ought always to love her; and she neglects those attentions which at first engaged his heart. Many a wife is thus the cause of her own neglect and sorrow. That woman deserves not a husband's generous love, who will not greet him with smiles as he returns from the labors of the day—who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one in a thousand so unfeeling as to withstand such an influence, and break away from such a home.

IS HE RICH?

He is rich in wit, he is rich in worth,
And rich in the blood of an honest birth.
He is rich in his country's heart and fame,
And rich in the thoughts that high souls claim:
He is rich in the books of the olden time,
And rich in the air of a freeman's clime.
He needs no stars to shine on his breast,
For the crimson drops of his father's crest
Tell, nobler gems, on the battle-field,
Where the haughty foeman was taught to yield.
Then ask me no more, 'Is he rich in gold?
His riches were bought—but can ne'er be sold.

Knickerbocker.

Illiterate persons are too apt to resent things seriously which are of no consequence, construed as they may be. Well educated and reflecting, honest persons feel contempt, but not the spirit of revenge, or a disposition to quarrel. They know that assertion establishes nothing against a correct life—and that epithet is no proof of a fact.

The Literary Journal.

EDITED BY WM. H. BURLEIGH.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1835.

Knickerbocker.—It has been with an unusual degree of pleasure that we have glanced over the original papers of this Magazine for the current month. There are twenty-two distinct original articles in it, the most of which are from the pens of writers who are already favorably known to the public. Mr Knapp has contributed an article, in his usual manly and chaste style, "The uses and abuses of Criticism." Mrs Sigourney has enriched its pages with one of her sweetly beautiful poems. B. B. Thatcher, Esq., the well known author of *Indian Biography*, has also contributed. M'Lellan, a poet of somewhat enviable reputation, Timothy Flint, the very giant of western literature, Miss M. A. Browne, Professor Beck, H. T. Tuckerman, Esq., W. G. Simms, the novelist, and many anonymous writers of great merit, have aided in enriching the pages of the *K.* for this month, and rendering it one of uncommon excellence. Among the prose articles we have read none with more pleasure than the Essay upon American Literature. It is written in a vigorous and manly style, with a freedom of thought and a boldness of expression that is peculiarly acceptable to us, and is calculated to do good. This article alone is worth a year's subscription for the Magazine. "John Smith," is an admirable thing of the kind, a rich treat for the lovers of fun. The Editor's Table presents an unusually rich variety, and a person must have a queer taste indeed who is not able to find some dish thereon, exactly suited to his palate. That we may not extend this article to an unreasonable length, we break off abruptly, with a hearty recommendation of the work, and an invitation to the public to call at the publication office of the Journal, and examine it for themselves. The names of any who may wish to subscribe for it will be cheerfully forwarded to the publishers, if left with the editor of this paper.

The Mother's Magazine is the title of a neat little monthly, published at New-York, at the low price of one dollar per annum. In its character it is decidedly religious, yet not sectarian. Its object is good, to incite and encourage mothers to the performance of their duties relative to the religious and moral instruction of their children. To mothers—all mothers, whether professedly religious or not—we would cordially recommend this little publication. They will find in it many useful hints which may essentially aid them in the great work of cultivating the mind and the heart of their offspring and of cherishing and strengthening their own virtuous principles.

We thank those editors who have taken such kind notice of our little sheet since the change of our title. We might adopt the custom of some of our cotemporaries, and copy into our own columns the various complimentary notices which we from time to time receive,—but, tho' we may like praise as truly as any one, we cannot yet see the necessity of puffing ourselves. We prefer that our paper should speak for itself, and if found worthy, we know what we like better than even the honied words of compliment.

That no adventurous wight among the corps editorial has run tilt upon us as if to impale us with his pen, really begins to distress us. What,

are we to have no pulling of wigs with our brethren of the quill? Are we to be eternally deprived of the luxury of an editorial 'set to?' It is difficult to contemplate such a quietude without shrinking back from the idea. There is so much of exhilaration, so much of thrilling delight in an earnest editorial squabble, that it makes us sad to think that every one is so good a friend to us that we can find no scribbler with whom we may quarrel occasionally in a friendly way. However, we have some comfort left.—We can look upon the violent denunciation, the gross personalities and the insolent bravado of the partizan press, and learn to sigh no more that our paths are the flowery ones of literature, and our course a peaceful and quiet one. We feel reconciled to it upon reflection.

In ransacking, a few days since, among the mass of rejected literature which we have carefully laid up in our table drawer, in search of a scrap of blank paper whereupon to perpetrate sundry editorials, we lit upon the following scrap of poetry. How it had found an abiding place among the "things that were," we wot not, but with all due despatch we extricated it from among the dead, and have resolved to confer on it "the immortality of a day" by giving it a place in the Journal.

For the Literary Journal.

THE SPIRIT SLEEPETH NOT.

When the gentle hand of Slumber
Presses on my weary eyes,
And the forms that none can number
In their thronging beauty rise—
Phantoms of imagination,
With a mystic glory fraught,
Tell me by their fascination
That the spirit sleepeth not!

When the airs of evening win me
To go forth and view the skies,
And I feel my soul within me
Struggling, as it fain would rise
From the gloomy paths of men,
To enjoy its blessed lot,
Something whispers to me then
That the spirit sleepeth not!

When I gaze upon the ocean,
With its ever-heaving tide,
In its spirit-soothing motion,
Or its desolating pride—
Changing still, it ever hath
Voices for the inward thought,
Telling, in its love and wrath,
That the spirit sleepeth not!

When I bend in adoration
Low before the throne of God,
Pouring forth my supplication,
Spreading all my wants abroad,
Voices from the world above,
While the earth is all forgot,
Tell me, with their tones of love,
That the spirit sleepeth not!

From the mountains and the vallies,
From the leaves by zephyrs stirred,
From the wind that gently dallies
With the 'ocean's mane,' is heard
Whispers as of thousand spirits,
Telling, as on air they rise,
That the soul which man inherits
Never slumbers, never dies!

V. G. A.

Plainfield, Conn. 1835.

APRIL has thus far been rather coquettish with us. She came in with a glory—with soft breezes, and the warm sunshine, and the singing of birds. The skies were as blue and as mellowed as those of June, and the birds were as musical, and the human heart bounded with a sense of freedom

and of joy, as we felt that Nature had indeed burst from her prison house. To us there is always something peculiarly eloquent in the music of the natural world in early Spring. It has for us then a tone of more perfect joy than at any other season of the year. It sounds so like a hymn of thanksgiving to the God who hath sent his warm sun to un rivet the ice-fetter with which earth was erewhile bound! It is in harmony with the music of the soul!

How perfect is the organization of the visible world! Every thing seems to have been formed with the express design to chasten and to elevate the soul. The glory of the seasons as they come and go—Spring with its bursting buds and flowers, Summer with its luxuriance and beauty, Autumn with its glorious promises of plenty, and Winter with its hours for the communion of heart with heart, all speak the benevolence of the Creator, and write upon the very tablets of the soul—"God is good!"

This is a trite theme, we know, and we would not enlarge upon it. Thus much we have written, because we could not well refrain from it.—Time has indeed taken from us something of the freshness of feeling which we experienced in early years, when April came in, and in all the joyousness of childhood, we stripped off our shoes and stockings to ascertain by actual experiment if the ground was yet warm enough for the tread of the naked foot—but time cannot seal every fount of gladness in the heart so but some joyous feelings will gush out when we feel the sunshine of April upon our brow and the kiss of the warm southwest upon our cheek.

Washington Irving.—This gentleman, who deservedly holds a very elevated rank among the literati of our country, is about making another appearance before the American public, in a vol. of "Crayon Miscellanies." His late tour to the West, we understand, forms the subject of his forthcoming work. We need not pause to describe the peculiar felicities of Irving's style, for who is unacquainted with it? The reading community may safely anticipate a rich intellectual treat in the promised work.

Col. Knapp, who has by his indefatigable industry and faithfulness as a biographer linked his own with many a distinguished name in American history, has lately published a memoir of the celebrated Aaron Burr. From the interest still felt in the subject of this work, and from the known impartiality and general correctness of the biographer, we anticipate for his present work a rapid sale.

Cooper, the author of the *Pioneer*, and who has been called (how justly we say not,) the Walter Scott of America, has a new work in press, which may be expected about the first of June. It is satirical in its character, and is entitled "The Manikins." We have heard it rumored that it is a political satire. For the author's sake, we trust not.

To Correspondents.—"Miss Florella" is overdone, whether intended as a burlesque or otherwise. We feel no particular sympathy for the wo-begone author, and shall not be able to find room for it for at least nine hundred and ninety-nine years.

To the defunct poet who has kindly furnished us a fragment from his port-folio, we return our most cordial thanks.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENT.

FOUND IN THE PORT-FOLIO OF A DEFUNCT POET.

And oh! the cold may laugh, the worldly jeer,
Mocking whate'er their miserable clay
Partakes not of the mind's diviner hue;
Yet there are dreams of beautifying power
And passion, which a stern reality
Can never reach.—Robert Montgomery.

I.

Oh Love, what mystery is thine!
O'er the waste places of the heart,
Thou dost uprear thy glowing shrine,
All pure and holy as thou art!
Where sin in many a serpent fold
Has writhed the spirit, seared and black;
Where human pride and guilt have rolled
The lava of their burning track;
Like the still footsteps of the dew
Stealing at midnight o'er the flowers,
Thou comest—beautiful and new,
Girt with the dreams of life's young hours,
When woman's smile was wont to be
A beauty and a mystery:
And thy low, passionate murmurs fall
Upon the soul they soothe and bless,
Like pulses of a waterfall,
Uppringing in the wilderness.

II.

Near the dark waters of the Nile,
And those eternal fanes, that yet
Illume with their undying smile
That land whose brightest suns have set,
Within a dim and quiet vale,
Shadowed by mystic groves of palm,
And girt with shrines and columns pale,
The fountain slumbered bright and calm;
Flowers of every name and hue,
Like guardian spirits round it grew,
And the bright, trembling leaves that there
Above its crystal bosom bent,
Filled the wild throbbings of the air
With music strangely eloquent.
Like that wierd harp across whose strings
The genius of the twilight breeze
For ever wave their starry wings
And wake their wondrous melodies.
Above, the cypress hung on high
Its solemn drapery to the sky,
And the soft moonlight's silvery sheen
Darted the parting boughs between
And fell upon the moss below,
Quick, bright, and radiant, like bars
Of woven light, shot from a bow
Of azure hue, inwrought with stars.

III.

Lut who is he, that now alone
Bends breathless o'er the sculptured stone
In solemn awe?—his raven hair
Streams backward from his burning brow
And quivers in the odorous air
Like leaflets on an aspen bough:
His dark eye darts its wild desire
Within the depths of that calm spring,
Like those bright orbs that gild with fire
The stillest clouds of evening;
His cheek is pale—as if some spell
Of fear, had on his spirit fell,
Sealing the springs of thought and sense
With its own deep omnipotence!
And through the silence that around
Hung like a holiness—there rose
The throbs of his full heart, whose sound
Was like the low-tongued wind that blows
Through ruined halls, and wastes its breath
On withered flowers, in love with death.

IV.

And thus he spake—and the wild words
Fell from his lip, with burning power,

As if his spirit's thrilling chords
Felt the dark magic of that hour
Weathing around them, like a spell
Of wonder, wild and palpable:—

1.

"Spirit, that sleepest
In this bright water,
Calmeest and deepest—
Mystery's daughter!
By the strange token
Thou knowest so well,
Unbreathed and unspoken—
Awake from thy spell!"

The water stirred—like flashing leaves,
Beneath the first warm kiss of June,
Where the young wind of summer weaves
Its sweet and melancholy tune.
The water stirred—and there he stood
Above it, like a throbbing star,
Flushed from the founts of light, and hued
With the warm tints which robe afar
The golden regions of the west
When day has sighed itself to rest.

V.

Oh beautiful!—a form arose
Like some still exhalation, wrought
To loveliness in the repose
And breathless solitude of thought,
Fairer than aught of mortal mould
By earthly fancy dreamed or told:
A form, most like those visioned gleams
Of unimagined light and love,
Which link to youths, all-glowing dreams,
A seal of rapture from above,
And weave around the fervent heart
A glory which may not depart,
But burneth on undimmed—unclouded
By that strange night of wo and tears
Which in its darkness hath enshrouded
The golden hopes of early years.

A FRAGMENT.

THE busy world—

It little recks what thoughts may crowd within
The secret chamber of a breast let loose
From its oppressive thralldom. How the soul,
When in its native glory it mounts up,
And on its eagle pinion traverses
In its unfettered joy, the swelling deep
Of dread Eternity's profound domain,
Exultingly from earth's black coils springs
And spurns to stoop to her communion!

Sicken'd of all the grovelling pursuits,
And imbecilities, and cheating pomps,
That mingle life's inebriate cup, I sit,
Intensely gazing on a maniac world.
Ambition's vaunted fool, with searching eye
Most tensely bent on Mammon's siren curse,
Grasps at life's little store of borrowed joys:
And in such vile companionship, unnerves
That holy feeling in the living breast
Which links us to the thrilling sympathies
Of those pure spirits, who, with guardian wings,
Hover around us in our daily paths,
Waking the surcharged breast to such rapt notes
As are poured forth by seraph harps on high,
In the awed gaze of angel multitudes.

And he who courts the breath of Fame, and feeds
The lamp of genius with rich aliment
Collected from the massive tomes of seers
And sages of old time,—say, what, when Death,
Implacable to his persuasive strains,
Shall burst the gilded bubble that chained down
His soul in constant servitude,—is left,
But a faint sound, a name, perchance, to dwell
Upon the ear of some congenial friend
A few brief hours, and then, a worthless thing,
Pass off into oblivion?

What is there in

The tricks of Fashion and her blandishments,

That so like necromancy should subdue
Beneath her proud supremacy, a mind
Gifted with glorious thought and high desires,
And formed in God's own dread similitude?
Yet thus it is! And we who claim to search
For joys which perish not, are but too prone
To cling to the illusive dreams that pave
Our pathway to that silent, voiceless hall,
Where moulders in Death's equal fellowship,
The pageant and the slave!

What but a sigh

That is breathed out from sorrow-stricken hearts
When none are nigh to soothe their agony—
What but a glance such as the stranger gives
To one his bosom knows not, nor may see
In this wide world again—is all the joy
That's center'd in the mould of earth's light dreams?
And oh! for that poor heart, however rich
In Science' diamond wealth, which plodding on
Where crumbling nature must lie down in peace,
Deems the cold grave a home, where the sick soul
Expires, to sleep a sleep that breaks not ever!
But ah! when these weak, feeble forms, which now
We idly decorate, are lying low
Mid life's dismembered frailties, the soul
Which once breathed out its essence, shall live on—
Yea, it shall live for ever! Eternity
Is blended in its very being's woof,
Or why should turn the fond breast's strong aspirations,
With ardent hope and burning wish, to strike
In blest affinity their rooting there,
As turns the sentient plant its tender veins
To soil nutritious?

Yea, the soul shall live!

And disencumbered of what here conspired
To chain its timeless might, revel in truths
Veiled from the mortal eye, and deep within
The bosom of its immortality! ZELOTES.

SALMAGUNDI.

HAPPINESS.—If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another;—and this faculty or disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is on his head. Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict great pain, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

WOMAN IN ADVERSITY.—There is in every true woman's heart, a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity.—Irving.

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